I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtres.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa?*
Ner. Madam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.
Baſſ. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honoured in your mariage.
Gra. Weel play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake down?
No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio?*

Enter Lorenſo, Jeſſica, *and* Salerio *from* Venice.

Baſſa. Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intreſt here
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave,
I bid my friends and countreymen,
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me paſt all saying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick my Lord, unleſſe it be in mind,
Nor well, unleſſe in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. *open the letter.*
Gra Nerriſſa, cheer yond ſtranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, whats the newes from *Venice?*
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,

We

We are the *Iaſons*, we have
Sal. I would you had wo
Por. There are ſome ſhre
That ſteales the colour from
Some deere friend dead, elſe
Could turne ſo much the con
Of any conſtant man : what
With leave *Baſſanio* I am ha
And I muſt have the halfe of
That this ſame Paper brings
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleaſ
That ever blotted Paper. Ge
When I did firſt impart my
I freely told you all the weal
Ranne in my veines, I was a
And then I told you true: an
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, y
How much I was a Braggart,
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhou
That I was worſe then nothi
I have ingag'd my ſelfe to a
Ingag'd my friend to his mee
To feed my meanes. Here is
The Paper as the body of my
And every word in it a gapin
Iſſuing life bloud. But is it t
Hath all his ventures fail'd, w
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexic*
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *I*
And not one Veſſell ſcape th
Of Merchant-marring rocks
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, tha
The preſent money to diſcha
He vvould not take it : never
A creature that did beare the
So keen and greedy to confou

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH